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I lost the sense in the villainous dialect. "Che so?"\* replied the other, lifting his eyebrows towards the figure; "roba mistica; 'st' Inglesi son matti sul misticismo: somiglia alle nebbie di là. Li fa pensare alla patria,†

"E interenisco il core  
Lo di ch' han detto ai dolci amici addio."‡

"La notte, vuoi dire," § said a third.

There was a general laugh. My compatriot was evidently a novice in the language, and did not take in what was said. I remained silent, being amused.

"Et toi donc?" said he who had quoted Dante, turning to a student, whose birthplace was unmistakable, even had he been addressed in any other language: "que dis-tu de ce genre-là?" ||

"Moi?" returned the Frenchman, standing back from his easel, and looking at me and at the figure, quite politely, though with an evident reservation: "Je dis, mon cher, que c'est une spécialité dont je me fiche pas mal. Je tiens que quand on ne comprend pas une chose, c'est qu'elle ne signifie rien." ¶

My reader thinks possibly that the French student was right.

"When the lofty and barren mountain," says a legend I have somewhere read, "was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint, 'Why thus barren? why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered, 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'

"So was the mountain dowered; and so, too," adds the legend, "have the loftiest minds of men been in all ages dowered. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light—light alone—and the deep shadow of the passing cloud—these are the gifts of the prophets of the race."—*Thorndale*.

THE influence of physical causes in the formation of intellectual and moral character, has never been sufficiently regarded in any system of education. Organic structure, temperament, things affecting the senses or bodily functions, are as closely linked with a right play of the faculties, as the materials and condition of an instrument of music with that wonderful result called melody.—*Olulov*.

\* What do I know?

† A mystical affair; these English are fools about mysticism: it essembles the fogs over there. It makes them think of their country.

‡ And touches their heart [with remembrance of] the day when they said to their sweet friends farewell.

§ Of the night, you mean.

|| And you, now; what do you say of this sort of thing?

¶ I say that it is a speciality which I cannot well get into my head. I hold that when one does not understand a thing, it is because there is no meaning in it. ]

## A MAN'S DREAM.

"Give me a home among the eternal hills!

Some mountain-slope my eye would daily climb,  
Beckoning me upward when I wake at morn;  
Drawing me onward when through purple mists  
Into the sunset radiance it reedes.

For though upon the mountain-top of being  
It were not well to fix a dwelling-place  
In hermit isolation, cold and grand,  
'Twere sad indeed to banish from our thought  
The gleaming Possible, that keen-edged flint  
Whereat we kindle Aspiration's torch.  
Man's home is on the hillside, in the vale,  
Where there is growth of blossoms and of trees,  
And all the flower and strength of human love.  
He cannot live where he may sometimes climb;  
And could he, 'twere a bare and stunted life.  
Yet, from his cottage door-stone, through the vines  
That bless his home with shelter and with fruit,  
Let his eye overleap the beaten track—  
Trodden alike by brute and bosom-friend—  
And trace the vast perspective widening out,  
And on, and up, admonishing his soul  
That she has wings, and must not always walk.  
And let the farther mountains, ridge on ridge,  
With pale sharp outlines sinking through the blue,  
Remind him, on his highest 'vantage-ground,  
That still he sees the Infinite beyond,  
And must be humble, whatsoe'er he wins.

"Give me a home beside the waters blue!  
Beside some sunny lake the earth has kissed  
With blooming islets; where the mountain's lie  
To vast and awful mysteries magnified  
In the still visions of the haunted flood.  
Where the strong brotherhood of forest-trees,  
The stalwart oak, the white-limbed, shuddering birch,  
And reddening maples, sentinelled with pines,  
Write on the crystal tablet underneath  
Translations of themselves made spiritual.  
The water gives to Nature double life.  
There dreams she, opening in her tranceè sleep  
Of Truth and Beauty the Apocalypse—  
A mystic scroll that hath no first nor last.

"So let the years roll calmly o'er my life,  
As clouds above the mountain and the lake,  
With shadows that make light more beautiful,  
And storms that sweep a trailing splendor by.  
Be loving eyes my torchlight to the wealth  
Of Beauty underneath the heaven's blue roof,  
And loving hands my helpers to unearth  
Truth's sunbright ore for all who seek the True.  
And so, forgetful of the pigmy race,  
That breed in cities their unwholesome strife,  
Let us grow up in pure, invisible light,  
And, living stainless in the lovely Seen,  
Undreading, lapse into the life Unknown."

It was the day-dream of a thoughtful man,  
For once at liberty among the hills,  
His boyhood's hills; a weary, careworn man,

Who seldom found a blank, uncrowded hour,—  
A play-ground for such thoughts.

The steamy breath  
Of panting engines, and the whirr of wheels  
That keep the giant Business moving on,  
Were unto him in place of mountain mists  
And lark-songs twining with a morning dream.  
He crossed no hill nor lake in daily toil;  
Only a dusty slope, a shallow stream  
Forever muttering o'er its clumsy dyke.  
So he grew old. His way was not his choice,  
More than is other men's; he could not pause  
For airy flights, and let a dear one starve.  
For poetry fills ne'er a hungry mouth,  
Though such as he live not by bread alone.  
And those he lived with loved him, as the bird  
Loves the full hand that scatters dainty crumbs.  
The vision of another love was lulled  
In the deep vale of boyhood's memories:  
But now and then, a floating breeze of thought  
Would wake its haunting beauty in his heart,  
And fill him—fragrant as a summer dawn,—  
With sweet assurance of its deathlessness.

His thread of being from the common woof  
He could not break: he would not if he could;  
For in his toil with toilers, he had grown  
To sympathy with those who shared the weight  
Of social wrongs, not knowing how they came:  
And he would suffer with them, till they learned  
To slip the needless shackles from their limbs,  
Or change them for the strong and lovely bands  
Wherewith our Father, who is Master too,  
Would have mankind knit in one mesh of life.

Unhappy was he not, nor yet content;  
For still the sky was o'er him, and the winds  
Brought down their hymn of beauty from the hills  
To keep the longing in his soul awake.

Not for himself, not his best self he lived;  
But as he might, with others, and for them.  
Its deepest wishes never realized,  
His heart one day forgot its stifled round,  
And ceased to beat. They buried it like seed.  
Is not the buried seed a promised flower?  
The large fair pasture-field that lay in sight,  
Doubly fenced in and barred by Circumstance,—  
That was his birthright; death might be no more  
Than the wall breaking down,—the key given up,—  
Who knows that any dream is wholly vain?

LUOY LAROOM.

THE features of character are like those of a landscape, which imperceptibly vary with the progress of day, and as lights or shadows are reflected on the scene. Or they are like rivers, on which while gazing after a brief interval, we fancy them the same that we saw before; but the mass of waters we then beheld has passed away, and nothing is the same but the channel, and the banks with their trees or verdure. Perhaps there is no moment in which a person's qualities are exactly the same as at any other period.—*Clulow.*

## AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE.

THE remarkable development of American life reveals itself attractively as we contemplate the annual summer migration from the cities to the seaside and to the country. This desire to seek relief from toil amidst the beauties of nature dates from the dawn of time. The first abode of mankind was a garden. The nations of antiquity cherished an intense love for rural life. The ruins of the villas of the grandees of Greece and Italy, and of the watering places to which the noble old Romans resorted, speak of this natural taste. Monasteries have ever been erected in the most delightful regions. The knights of the middle ages built their castles on the mountain banks of beautiful rivers; and although strategical considerations may have in some cases determined the choice, it so happened, in most instances, that a sense of the beautiful went hand in hand with the thought of self-protection. In France a villa was the most prized gift which a sovereign could bestow upon his favorite. Under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. the passion for magnificent summer residences became a mania. Within a short distance of Paris, rose charming villages, where Molière might have been found laughing life away with his boon companions, and Boileau, in his home at Anteuil, delighting with his courtly wit and grace the great dignitaries of French letters. Voltaire's retreat of Fernelay formed a kind of rural Mecca, and Necker's château at Coppet was thronged with the admirers of Madame de Staël's conversational powers. Gradually country residences sprung up round all the large cities in France, and those especially who have visited Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Marseilles, will have experienced some of the delights which they afford.

In Germany the tendency went in the same direction. The vicinity of Hamburg, Dresden, Vienna, and Frankfort, abounds with exquisite villas, where the refining influences of the country heal the wounds of the battle of life. It is the same in Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, and Cadiz. Nowhere are the garden beauties of Lombardy more apparent than in that captivating part of Milan which is called *Monza*. England alone, faithful to her insular instincts, rushes to the city, when less splenetic children of humanity begin to leave it. But there the princely country seats have autumn and winter charms, and all around London clusters a net of world-wide parks and a dense array of laughing villas, from the gentle cozy shrubberies of St. John's Wood to the brilliant mansions of Richmond Hill—from the verdurous elevations of Hampstead and Highgate to the fresh breezes of Putney and Greenwich.

Apart from the myriads of private summer-houses in Europe, are the noted watering places open to the public throng;—Baden-Baden for the gay; Wiesbaden for the sick; Teplitz for the ultra-refined; Ems for the lover of donkeys and mountains; Spa for the lovers of good fare and of nature; Schlangenbad for the ladies; Pyrmont for Pomeranian dowager countesses; Scheveningen for patri-